

Decorations by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

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Summary:

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 9 — Steve's starting to think Billy might have a problem, he's that goddamn obsessed, but it's too cute for Steve to actually try and do anything about it.

Decorations

Billy is obsessed with Halloween. Steve thought he had an idea of it, having technically been through two Halloweens with Billy, but they're barely halfway through August when Billy starts ordering decorations off of Amazon and driving three towns over to that creepy shop that stays open year round. Steve's been in it exactly one time, and now the closest he'll get is sitting in the car while Billy shops, despite the fact that Billy fucking adores the lady that is definitely older than his grandma but apparently a total badass.

For all his bitching, there is one thing Billy apparently loves about Indiana and it's that they actually have Fall. Sure, he bitches about having to wear a sweater or at least button his shirt up all the way but Steve can tell he loves it. He gets a chance to be comfy and cozy now. Honestly, Steve's pretty sure Billy could get away with walking around shirtless in autumn if he wanted to; when they met on Halloween two years ago, Billy was wearing less clothing than every slutty kitten Steve had seen walking the streets or sipping on room temperature beer. Now that Billy is well adjusted and has someone to spoil him, he likes curling up in oversized sweaters and sipping on cocoa while the house smells like pumpkin and cinnamon, and Steve adores his house cat of a boyfriend. It fits him better than all the pent up aggression and purple skin.

Steve leans against their kitchen counter and smirks as he sips at his coffee, trying his best not to get distracted by the little strip of skin that peaks out from under Billy's shirt as he hangs up a 'Happy Halloween' banner that Steve is sixty percent sure Billy actually made himself.

"I owe Nancy twenty bucks," Steve mentions casually and he's surprised when Billy jumps because normally he has eyes in the back of his head; Steve can never sneak up on him, it's virtually impossible, or he thought it was.

Billy sighs, placing the last thumbtack in to keep it up and turning around to walk towards Steve.

"Why's that?" he questions grabbing the pumpkin spice latte that's

been waiting for him on the counter. He lets out a content, borderline pornographic moan when he realizes it's still warm.

"I figured you'd last at least another week," Steve teases, setting his coffee down

"What do you mean?"

"You're putting the decorations up."

"And?"

"And, it's still September."

"Baby, if I had it my way these would have been up in February."

"Why February?"

"Because you won't let me skip Valentine's day."

"I like to buy you shit."

"You *always* buy me shit."

"But it's Valentine's day."

"Yeah, and no one needs that much fucking chocolate Steve."

"Says the guy trying to plan for Halloween eight months in advance!!"

"That's different."

"How is that different?"

"Because I said so ???" even Billy isn't that convinced by his own argument, probably because it's a shitty one, but Steve thinks he's adorable and his mouth probably still tastes like pumpkin spice so he sets his own cup down and pulls Billy to him, wrapping his arms around his waist.

"Oh because he says so," Steve teases and Billy rolls his eyes but doesn't make a move to get away, and he's quickly smiling along

with him.

“I got an idea I think you might like.”

“I don’t know baby, your ideas tend to be a little messy,” Steve counters with a cautious but still playful look.

“You *like* messy dumbass,” Billy counters and, well, he’s not wrong.

“...What’s the idea then?” the look on Billy’s face says that he knows he’s already won and, again, he’s not wrong. Whatever he has to say next, Steve will say yes, even if only to keep that smile on his face.

“You let me do whatever I want to the apartment and I’ll let you do whatever you want to me when we’re done.” Yeah, it’s an immediate yes, but Steve wouldn’t be Steve if he didn’t take the time to complain over something.

“Wait, I have to help?” he groans and Billy knows he’s just messing with him, so he plays along, feigning frustration. Well, he’s partially faking, the other part of him is saying that Steve should be grateful for the offer and stop acting like a little bitch.

“I’m sorry you get an offer like that and your biggest concern is having to put up a few decorations ?? You kidding me right now Harrington?”

“...I just want to have enough energy to take care of you, that’s all.”

“You are so full of it,” Billy scoffs, pinching his side.

“You’re gonna be full of something later,” Steve wiggles his eyebrows and it’s embarrassing how proud of himself he seems.

“You’re an idiot.”

“Yeah but I’m *your* idiot,” he leans forward to steal a kiss before Billy can argue, not that he would, and turns out he was right, Billy does still have a hint of spice on his lips; he always tastes good but that does help.

“We’re not fucking until the rest of my decorations are up so go get

the ladder,” Billy sighs and Steve is off and down the hall before he even has time to blink. Wow. “Good to know what your priorities are.”

“Happy Halloween !!” Steve yells back, the fucking smartass.